

I slept: As one bends to waters
 A harp, so gave voice to my pain
 The angel in ward; - Wherefore troublest?
 Thy boy's state, is't not all gain?
 Yea! all my breath is thanksgiving,
 This heart lives in song for the grace;
 (Yet, at moments, a pang, sure not envy?
 Comes with the light on his face!

To mine Angel-state turn easy
 To win fullest thought of the Lord;
 Faith to us, the torn wapt of storms; there -
 Believe they on me, 'His Word!

Say, then! these simple, how search they
 The mysteries of things unseen?
 By what wit-cann they know to trust Him
 Whose name scarce lip they, sweep?

Say, Mothers, thy heart-best answers;
 Is there any in all the wide land
 So utterly trusts thee & worships,
 So keepeth him in thine hand,

As the babe who not yet-calls thee
 Nor knows any name for his joy?
 Thus, serene in the hand of the King,
 The simple soul of my boy!

At the Cradle.

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I

I sat by my sleeping Babe,
At the feet; sat low, of my Boy,
Much proud 'twixt the high-born air he wore,
As grateful claims on joy.

Sure not of his father or me
Was he made thus free of the earth;—
Were we at large!—but the hours confine,—
Knows he a loftier birth?

'Great is the mystery', ye—
How little, O Babe, art thou mine!

A halo surrounds & divides thee,
Living Words about thee shine!

All faith & wisdom, knowledge, throne—
My little one, how can it be?
When singest thou those perfect praises—
The Father, O where dost see?

Thy Guardian waiteth ever
On the face of our God for light.—
O little Son, how high thy estate!
Thy Mother, alas, her plight!

Dissidence

As they are varied-guides whom it have met -
 Misadventure chances themselves, thy Mother's eyes may yet
 Show thy feet: Daughters, places to eschew.

Ah, sweet the Mother-walk, but perilous!
 And flowers do cheer the progress hazardous,
 X Tho' heedless pilgrims chance on bitter rue!

But thou, my daughter, meekly glad, hast taken
 A man from the Lord: thy joy hath wholesome pain

Of dissidence, - thy welfare's pledge. For here,
 Danger avoids, assurance keeps, in fear.

Then spread thy soul for Heaven, as April earth,
 Waiting the fall of corn; nor in vain -

Who hath so graced thee to a blessed birth
~~will~~ ^{will} not His wisdom's waterings restrain!

~~The~~ 'Greatest in the Kingdom.'

Weigh his estate & thine: accustomed, he,

To all sweet courtly usage that obtains

Where dwells the King. Now with thine utmost pains,

Canst thou produce what shall I call worthy to?

One, 'greatest in the kingdom' is with thee,

Whom being yet discerns the Father's face,^{face}

And thence replenish'd, flows with constant

Take fearful heed lest he despised be!

Order thy joints softly, as before

A Prince; nor let thee out, unmannerly,

In thy rude moods & irritable: more,

Beware lest round him wild words & rude

Refrain thee: let thy speech be sweet & rare:

Thy ways, consider'd; & thine aspect, fair.

Innocence hath no problems

In him who thinks his soul a fortress, fed
 From without at his will; & where he is
 Alone with himself, inviolable: as he,
 Not helped, nor let; doth make or mar himself.
 So is he innocent, unmade, unmarr'd,
 No habit of false thinking or misdeed
 Hath gilded to his shape. But the poor man -
 The hurried soul - who has no innermost -
 But when he comes, lo, Sin is sitting there!
 Who hates, yet inclines, & desperate,
 Cleaveth to Grace to save him from the Thing.
 Is it himself? - that daunts him; nor hath where
 To abide, but when others sleeping brought
 Into the place of peace where is the Thing,
 He, thinking to remain doth let him out
 To dwell at ease, all sudden finds himself
 In outer darkness, under other rule;
 Then, painful winneth yet again to where
 He was before, but not to abide - a door
 That moves & moves yet wins no step - ah, he
 Poor Man, looks on the face of little Child
 With awful wonder, as on a mystery.
 The deepest & most gracious God doth keep!

Offences.

Our thoughts are for him; his dear seal the end
 Our cares pursue: wherein shall love offend?
 Offenceless. love, that Duty doth intend.

Recal, when court of law convinc'd did rise
 For baby-trepass to thy startled sight;
 Now, chained, the wretched transgressor sunk his eyes,
 Knowing, beyond thy knowledge, of the right,
 And weak beneath thy chastisement. Keep him now
 Under the law as then, that, as he grows,
 'Ours followeth Deed in course,' the rule he knows
 His times to interpret. And law-compell'd be thou,
 For drop come heedless trespass in his way
 That, stumbling over, his weak knees shall fall.
 Offence shall come! but - do not thou betray
 His soul to him. Yet, oh, without the pale
 Of love's sweet use no banishment accord
 For any sake - else thou malignant thy Lord!